

The Musical World.

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VOL. 69.—No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889.

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THE NEXT TERM COMMENCES on 23rd SEPTEMBER, when new Students are received. Regulations, forms of entry, prospectuses, with full particulars as to fees, &c., can be obtained post free from the undersigned.

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Professional and Amateur Musicians, as also advanced Students in Schools and Colleges, are informed that the London Academy of Music is prepared to confer its diplomas of Gold Medallist, &c., on applicants who satisfy a board of Examiners.

In order to render the proceedings free from the objections of Local Examinations, they will be conducted only at St. George's Hall, London, and by foreign professors of celebrity.

The Next Examination is on Monday, July 29.

Applications must be sent in before July 22.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Applications for the Scholarships, for professional students with promising talents, are now being received.

Academy Office, St. George's Hall (Mortimer-street entrance).

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

The Library will be Closed on Tuesday next. Candidates' names received for Examination.

July 18.—F.C.O., Examination (Paper Work).

July 17, 18.—F.C.O., Examination (Organ Playing).

July 19.—Diploma Distribution.

July 23.—A.C.O., Examination (Paper Work).

July 24, 25.—A.C.O., Examination (Organ Playing).

July 26.—Diploma Distribution. Candidates' Names for the July Examination should be sent in on or before Tuesday next, July 9th.

July 30.—Annual General Meeting.

The College Address (temporary premises) is now Bloomsbury Mansion, Hart Street, New Oxford Street, W.C.

Further arrangements and particulars will be duly announced.

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Next Examination for Fellowship (F.G.O.):—

July 23—Practical, at Christ Church, Newgate-street, E.C.

July 24—Paper Work, at Burlington Hall, Saville-row, W.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

CONCERT MANAGEMENT. Mr. BASIL TREE (Successor to Mr. Ambrose Austin), St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, is open to undertake the management of concerts.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Augustus Harris.—The company engaged includes most of the leading artists of the principal European opera houses.—Box-office open from ten a.m. to five p.m. for future booking, and all day long for the sale of seats for the same evening. When seats are not procurable at the libraries they can be obtained at the box-office, under the portico of the theatre.

FAUST.—Last Time this Season.—Madame Melba, Mdlla. Banermeister, Madame Scelchi, Mons. Edouard de Reszke, Mons. Lasalle, and Mons. Jean de Reszke.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

SEPTEMBER 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1889.

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IN THE CATHEDRAL:—

TUESDAY, at 1:30, Mendelssohn's "ELIJAH."
WEDNESDAY, at 11:30, Parry's "JUDITH," conducted by the composer; Rossini's "STABAT MATER."

WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7:30, C. Lee Williams' "THE LAST NIGHT AT BETHANY," Haydn's "CREATION" (Parts 1 and 2).

THURSDAY, at 11:30, Sullivan's "PRODIGAL SON," conducted by the composer; Gounod's "MESSE SOLENNELLE;" Spohr's "LAST JUDGMENT."

FRIDAY, at 11:30, Handel's "MESSIAH."

GRAND CONCERTS IN THE SHIREHALL:—

TUESDAY EVENING, at 8, Mackenzie's "DREAM OF JUBAL," conducted by the composer; Elocutionist, Mr. Charles Fry. NEW CHORUS by Miss Ellicott, and VIOLIN SOLO by Mr. B. Carrodus, &c.

THURSDAY EVENING, at 8, Sullivan's "GOLDEN LEGEND," conducted by the composer.

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LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

OCTOBER 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, 1889.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING.—Berlioz's "Faust." Principals: Mdme. Albani, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Brereton.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—Corder's Cantata (written for the Festival), "The Sword of Argancy," and Third Act of "Tannhäuser." Principals: Mdme. Valleria, Miss Fillinger, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Barrington Foote.

THURSDAY MORNING.—Bach's Cantata "God's Time is the Best;" Schubert's Mass in E Flat; Handel's "Acis and Galatea." Principals: Miss Macintyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Brereton.

THURSDAY EVENING.—Creser's Cantata "The Sacrifice of Freia" (written for the Festival); Spohr's Symphony, "The Consecration of Sound," Violin Solos, &c. Principals: Miss Macintyre, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Brereton, and Senor Sarate.

FRIDAY MORNING.—Parry's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" (written for the Festival), Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E Minor, Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Principals: Miss Macintyre, Miss Fillinger, Miss Damian, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Brereton, and Senor Sarate.

FRIDAY EVENING.—Stanford's Ballad "The Voyage of Maeldune (First Performance), Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream Music," &c. Principals: Mdme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Barrington Foote.

SATURDAY MORNING.—Brahms' "Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Principals: Mdme. Valleria, Miss Damian, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills.

SATURDAY EVENING.—Overture, &c., from "Macbeth," and "The Golden Legend" (Sullivan). Principals: Mdme. Albani, Miss Damian, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Brereton.

SERIAL TICKET (admitting to seven performances) 5 5 0

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" Ditto Evening 0 15 0

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" Evening 0 7 6

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" First Seats (B) 0 10 6

" Second Seats 0 7 6

All these seats are numbered and reserved.

Applications for Seats (with the amount required) will be entered and allotted as received. Programmes can be had on application. All communications to be addressed, Festival Office, Municipal Buildings, Leeds. ALD. FRED R. SPARK, Hon. Sec.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

. We hereby notify to all concerned that Mr. W. Pearce is
no longer connected in any capacity with this journal.

. The Business Departments of the **MUSICAL WORLD** are now
under the management of Mr. L. V. Lewis, the Manager
of "The Observer," 396, Strand, to whom all communica-
tions must be addressed. Remittances should be made
payable to the Proprietors.

. All advertisements for the current week's issue should be
lodged with the Printer not later than noon Thursday.

. MSS. and Letters intended for publication must be addressed
to THE EDITOR. Rejected MSS. cannot be returned unless
accompanied by stamped directed envelope.

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FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The Queen of Roumania, better known to fame as Carmen
Sylva, will shortly visit Sweden, taking with her the libretto of a
new Swedish opera, which will be set to music by Hallström. This
composer has already been a collaborator with her poetic Majesty,
in the opera "Neaga," which was performed a few days ago at Stock-
holm. Carmen Sylva is a happy exception to the general rule that
Royal art is usually bad art, as Goethe ought to have said, by way
of pendant to his famous dictum on religious pictures.

Another exception to the rule is King Oscar of Sweden, who
recently composed an opera "all by himself." It is not generally
known that the King is also a singer of no mean ability, and finds
his most blessed relief from the cares of State in singing to his
favoured guests. On one occasion a small and select audience,
chiefly composed of members of the Royal household, was invited
to witness the performance of some operatic scenes, with full stage
accessories. The garden scene from "Faust" was included, in
which the King himself played the tenor rôle with great ability,
while the other parts were sustained by several distinguished
artists. We respectfully commend King Oscar's name to the
Queen of Roumania as that of a deserving musician who should be
encouraged. Why should not the two royalties collaborate in a new
work, and the King sing the leading part himself? And then—if
Mr. Harris could but induce them to come to Covent Garden!

.

Perhaps the suggestion might more profitably be made to Mr.
P. T. Barnum, whose mighty show will shortly be on its way to
London. "Olympia" has been engaged by the "world's greatest
showman" as the home of his wonderful exhibition, for the trans-
portation of which five ordinary steamships will be required. Mr.
Barnum has, of course, been interviewed on the subject; and the
cynics amongst us will be confounded to learn that he does not
expect to reap any pecuniary benefit from the enterprise. Pure
generosity, it seems, prompts him to the undertaking. He loves
England, and wishes to show the English people—entirely for their
own delight—what the New World can produce in the way of
elephants, clowns, and acrobats. Therefore it may be supposed
that the fat women, and the spotted ladies, and the sapient pigs,
which we, in our benighted insularity, have supposed unequalled,
will die of sheer shame, when the philanthropic Barnum and
his show arrive. Had his interviewer ever served under the
honourable flag of the Horse Marines?

.

M. Michel Brenet contributes to the last number of "Le Guide
Musical" an interesting article on "Poètes Critiques Musicaux,"
dealing chiefly with Théophile Gautier in his capacity as musical
critic. The critical work done by Gautier and his brethren is by
no means the least important feature in the history of that unique
period of French art. No doubt Gautier was, to say the least, an
erratic genius, who wrote much that was utterly useless, from
whatever standpoint it may be considered. But the man who
headed the revolt against conventional art with such superb pieces
of literary style could scarcely fail to sympathise with the musician
who, by other and certainly cleaner paths, was trying to reach the
same goal. M. Brenet shows, in the course of his article, that
Gautier was amongst the first in France to recognise the greatness
of Wagner; for, shortly before the representation of "Rienzi" in
Paris in 1869, Gautier wrote expressing an earnest hope that "The
Flying Dutchman," "Tristan," "The Meistersingers," and all the un-
known repertoire, a rich casket of new beauties," might soon be
presented there. But, as M. Brenet adds, "he who asks too much
gets nothing; the years are gone, the times are changed, Gautier
is dead, Wagner also—and still we wait."

.

We extract the following from an article entitled "Hints to
Young Teachers," which appears in an American contemporary:—
"A love for music shows the talent for it! Let me prove this to
you. Suppose you like red better than any other colour. This is
evidence that there is something within you more strongly allied to
the colour of red than any other colour; if it were not so, you
would like some other colour equally well or better. Do you not

see that this is a self-evident proposition? Now, instead of the red colour, let us suppose it is music you like best, the conclusion is inevitable that you have a talent for music."

Possibly the "young teachers" in whose behoof the article was written may see that this is a self-evident proposition, but that will only be in consequence of their youth. Older and sancer readers will feel that no more mischievous teaching could be put forward. The ranks of the musical profession are crowded, to a worse degree than that of inconvenience, with those who have mistaken an inclination for a capacity for music. The hardest part of a critic's duty is to be obliged to listen to well-intentioned performers who imagine that fondness for music can in itself make them musicians. Does love of poetry make a poet, or love of painting a painter? The doctrine is an utterly false one. At the doors of those who have taught it lies the heavy responsibility for many a bitter disappointment and many a missed vocation.

Herr Richard Pohl, writing in the "Musikalisches Wochenblatt," discusses the question of the proper "tempo" for the third movement in Beethoven's 8th Symphony. His view is, that Mendelssohn began the practice of treating it as a scherzo, and that in deference to Mendelssohn's reputation, all, or nearly all, other conductors have followed his practice. Herr Pohl now shows cause why this ruling should be set aside. We may summarise his arguments briefly as follows:—The 8th is, of all Beethoven's symphonies, the most Haydnish, and for this reason he replaced the usual Adagio, or slow movement, by an Allegretto-scherzando. After this it is not likely that he would write an actual "scherzo," which indeed was a sort of piece unknown in Haydn's time; he therefore wrote a minuet, and to make his design obvious, he marked it to be played in "Tempo di minuett." Besides this some of the passages—particularly the running passage for the 'cello in the trio—are of such a nature that when the movement is played as a scherzo they become confused and unintelligible, proving that they were not meant to be played so fast. And this fact is so well recognised that it has become the custom in many orchestras to leave these passages to be played as a solo by the first 'cellist. So much for Herr Pohl's arguments, and now let us come to the practice. We know by Mendelssohn's own letters that very often he allowed his "tempi" to vary according to his own sensations at the moment, and the spirit of the orchestra he happened to be conducting. Herr Pohl, himself a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatoire, and brought up under Mendelssohn's teaching, was therefore prepared to adopt the traditional reading of the movement, but he tells us that more than forty years ago he heard it played under Wagner's conducting, and played as a minuett, and since then he has adopted Wagner's reading. Dr. v. Bülow adheres to the Wagnerian reading, and now it seems that this reading is further strengthened by a letter from Herr Carl Bargheer, who, in a letter to Dr. v. Bülow writes that he remembers hearing the movement played in this way (as a minuett) under Spohr in the winter of 1849-50, reminding us at the same time that Spohr played in the orchestra on the very occasion when the symphony was produced, and therefore got the "tempi" from Beethoven himself.

Reference is elsewhere made to the extremely individual and untraditional interpretations of Schumann which were given by Madame Backer Gröndahl at her concert on Saturday. In view of this, it may be interesting to note that Mme. Gröndahl has never

yet heard Madame Schumann play. It is perhaps not indiscreet to say that, with a modesty fitting in so distinguished an artist, Madame Gröndahl proposes to made a pilgrimage to the veteran pianist in question, so as to study Schumann's works as interpreted by their authorised exponent. Our readers will be glad to know that Madame Gröndahl proposes to return to us next year. She will be welcome.

A curious story is being circulated on the Continent in reference to the powerful "business" of Signor Tamagno's death-scene in "Otello," when, after kissing his dead wife, while the orchestra repeats the "kiss motive," with indescribable effect, he rolls down the steps which lead to the bedside. It appears that at one of the rehearsals at La Scala, Verdi, who was present, took Tamagno's place in the final scene, to illustrate one or two points which he desired to emphasise. At the final moment, while sinking to the ground, he was seen to fall heavily down the steps. The singers ran to the master's assistance, but he quickly got up, laughing, and leaving them in some doubt as to whether his fall had been intentional or accidental. Whichever it was, it seemed so effective that Tamagno at once adopted it—with a result which, as most of our readers have probably seen for themselves, is a powerful factor in the impressiveness of the scene in question.

Apropos of "Otello," we may remark that the truly Mephistophelian irony of the printer's devil has been freshly accentuated by the criticism of the opera which appeared in our last issue, where the word "city" was substituted for "lily" in a sentence in which our critic referred to the almost miraculous change which had come over Verdi's style. Our contributor writes an indignant letter, breathing threatenings and slaughter, and to him these words are due.

With the death of Signor Giovanni Bottesini, the great contrabassist, which took place at Parma on the 7th inst., the world of art loses one of the greatest virtuosos ever known. Want of space prevents us from entering, at the moment, into any detailed record of the long and honourable career now closed, and we content ourselves for the present with an expression of the loss thus occasioned to Italy, and to art.

Chevalier Edward Scovel, after just completing an engagement of four months and a half with the "Boston Ideal Opera Company," during which he has played "Faust" and "Lohengrin," has re-signed for the next season of 1889-90 for thirty-two weeks, to sing four times a week at a salary of 500dols. weekly.

Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. D., has been elected by the Council of Trinity College, London, an Honorary Fellow, in the room of the late Rev. Sir Frederick Ouseley. Mr. Morton Latham, M.A., Mus. B., has been elected a Vice-President of the same institution.

The Royal Academy of Music has awarded the Charles Lucas Medal to Ethel M. Boyce. The examiners were Frederic Cliffe, Charles H. Lloyd, and E. H. Turpin.

We regret to notice the death of Mr. Carl Zoeller, the well-known bandmaster of the 2nd Life Guards, which took place on the 10th inst.

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Returning summer has brought our thoughts round once more to the quiet little capital of Upper Franconia. Nearly a year has elapsed since, with happy memories of "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger" still ringing in our ears, we steamed slowly out of the station, looking back with a vain regret at the theatre, the cradle of Wagnerian art, standing in a flood of golden sunshine on the mountain side. And now once more the devotees of the so-called "Music of the Future" are wending their way from all quarters of the civilised world to the quaint little Bavarian town. There are two distinct classes of persons who make this pilgrimage to Bayreuth. The wealthy devotee of fashion "must keep up with the times," must hear all that is to be heard, and see all that is to be seen; besides, too, the German Emperor and the Regent of Bavaria are to grace the little town with their presence. Decidedly, Bayreuth will be fashionable. Everyone will be there. Why not go? The place may be dull, the music a bore; but, after all, one does not go for the place or the music, but just to say one has been, to give one something to talk about—because, in short, it is the *correct thing*—because "every one" talks about Wagner nowadays, and it is so unpleasant to be obliged to confess that one knows nothing about him! Once having sat through "Parsifal," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger" one may surely be supposed, with some degree of justice, to know enough about him to be considered an authority on the subject. Then there are the devout disciples of Music, who go thither to study. These again, may be split up into two sections, those who go in a spirit of reverence to do homage to the Prophet at his own Mecca, and those who, prejudiced against that which perhaps they hardly understand, go with the avowed purpose of picking to pieces and finding fault with all that they see and hear. Many of these, it is true, return to their homes more than ever convinced of the fallacy of Wagner's theories, but many, too, have to give in their allegiance to the great Master, who, whatever may be the judgment pronounced upon him by posterity, is acknowledged, even by his enemies, to have been possessed of brain-power, genius, far above the average.

"Parsifal," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger," the works selected for this year's festival, will give those who are fortunate enough to hear them all, a good opportunity of studying the extremes of Wagner's fully developed genius. Everyone must be glad to hear that the Belgian artist, Van Dyck, is again to be Parsifal. This great actor surely comes as near as is possible to one's ideal Knight of the Grail! One is sorry to notice the absence from the cast of such names as Plank and Scheidemantel, also of little Fraulein Bettaque who made so pleasing an impression in the character of Eva last year. Talking of last year's performances, it has always been a matter of surprise to me that none of the English papers seem to have noticed the magnificent voice of Herr Grupp, who took the comparatively small part of First Knight in "Parsifal." I would gladly go all the way to Bayreuth simply to hear him sing the few words—

"Herr, Gawan wollte nicht."

I only hope the part may be allotted to him again this year. Many also will be anxious to notice the difference in tempi of "Parsifal" under Herr Levi's conductorship. Herr Mottl, last year, was decidedly slow in his rendering of this, the master's latest and greatest work, but whether it lost anything on that account is a question. Nothing could have been broader in conception than his reading, and, if I remember rightly, on one occasion last year he prevented a serious *contretemps*, owing to an inaccurate entry of the chorus, in a way which entitles him to rank as one of the greatest conductors in the world. Such a thing is not likely to occur again this year, however, as the chorus is sure to be first-rate under the able tuition of the chorus-master, Mr. Carl Armbruster. Nowhere is the stage management so perfect as at Bayreuth, which, indeed, seeing that Madame Wagner personally superintends the arrangements for each performance, is not extraordinary.

On the "off" days, when there is no performance at the theatre, there is plenty of amusement to be found in the town itself. One may sit in the beautiful Hof-Garten and sketch the pretty rustic bridges or the picturesque vista of water with the Neue Schloss at the end; or one may go shopping in the Maximilian Strasse, or hover, fascinated, round the window of Giesel's shop in the Opern Strasse, where may be seen an endless variety of photographs depicting scenes from Wagner's operas, busts and photographs of the master himself, of Liszt, and of the great actors and actresses engaged in the representations at the theatre. Then there is Angermann's! Fancy

Bayreuth without Angermann's! Fancy a plum-pudding without the plums! It was here that Richard Wagner used to pass the seidel with his friends; it is here that one is sure to meet all the musical and dramatic celebrities congregated in Bayreuth. Here at mid-day one may see, sitting at little tables, within a shady impromptu hedge of pine-boughs firmly tied to stakes driven into the ground, most of the actors, and many of the actresses engaged at the theatre, besides musical composers, singers, instrumentalists, and conductors, many of whom are well known to the regular frequenters of our own St. James's Hall—and long may they continue to be so! About two miles out of Bayreuth is the Eremitage, a palace erected by the Margraves, George, William, and Frederick, about the beginning of the last century. It was here that the famous Margravine, sister of Frederick the Great, wrote her memoirs. This is considered well worth seeing, I believe, but having a wholesome dread of tourists and sight-seers, I have, so far, preferred to spend my spare time at Bayreuth in the town itself, in the Hof-Garten, in the fields, or in the sombre pine-forests which clothe the sides of the Stuckberg, behind the theatre, from whence a glorious sunset may sometimes be seen.

Living is remarkably cheap in Bayreuth, and not by any means nasty. Fruit is plentiful, and experience has taught me that the best and cheapest is to be procured at the wayside stalls, of which there are numbers.

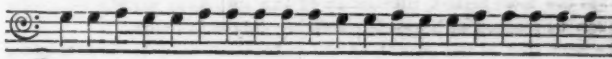
"Murray" tells us that Bayreuth "is remarkable for little," but I found something of interest in every street, and at every corner, from the long many-windowed Neue Schloss, with its air of departed glory, to the ruined archways and stone fountains which help to make the place a painter's paradise. To an artist's eye there is not a corner of Bayreuth which would not make a picture; every house is different from its fellow, every roof has a different pitch, or some subtle difference of colour, whilst what can be more picturesque than the haycarts drawn by patient oxen through the cobbled, old-world streets, or the aspect of the peasant women, as, in their coarse blue gowns and white aprons, they stand, bare-headed and bare-footed in groups at the fountains, filling the strange flat buckets which they carry strapped to their backs, surrounded by a whirling flight of pigeons, which seem to consider the fountains their own special property? In answer to those who ask if Bayreuth is dull, I would answer—Possibly so to the mere "devotee of fashion," but to the musician, to the painter, to him to whom has been granted the gift of a seeing eye, a hearing ear, and an understanding mind, no, a thousand times no! every tree, every stone is eloquent!

THE ORIGIN OF THE SCALE.

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

(Concluded from page 445.)

When the voice after a while attained buoyancy, or when the invention of singers-passed from the naïve and timid adherence to one sole reciting note and sought greater freedom for its movement, most naturally another note would be added to the compass of musical sound, and voices could now affect the variety furnished by two tones. That an actual two-note period succeeded to the one-note period is quite possible to imagine, though of course difficult to prove convincingly. We have some excellent examples of "two-note songs" in savage music, and the following song of the Brazilians may be taken as the type of others:



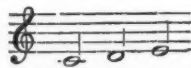
Strangely enough this song, which reads so harsh and uncouth to us, is described as having had a very different effect by him who heard it. De Lery had the advantage of a long residence among the Brazilians, and, in quoting this song as a specimen of their minstrelsy, he takes occasion to remark that when sung by five or six hundred choristers the effect was "utterly ravishing."

Next, after two notes, would come three notes—and probably not without long delay in this addition to the development. Certain tribes are to be met with at the present day who never use more than three notes in their music, and are quite contented with so simple a compass for the expression of their melody. It is astonishing how much melody may be extracted from three notes. If we were suddenly reduced to so small a stock, we

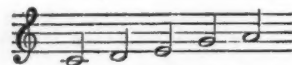
should not be so destitute as might be imagined. Rousseau contrived, as a feat, to write a most agreeable melody on three notes. Savage nations, who have no more than three notes to bless themselves with, compose in a still more dexterous style, and cast their small modicum of sounds into often pleasing patterns. The following specimens may serve as illustrations, the first being a melody of the Amharas, the second of the Gongas:



Both these songs, when performed by the natives, are submitted to almost indefinite repetition till the voice of the singers and the ears of the listeners are alike exhausted with the effort of declamation and attention. If we were to transpose the notes thus far obtained in the key of C we might say that in the ordinary scale of naturals we have obtained the first three components, and that the scale at present is

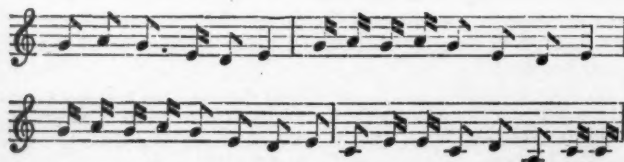


What new steps were now taken to extend and amplify this diminutive scale to the length familiar to us all to-day? We find no songs built out of four notes alone, as we have found them out of three, out of two, and out of one. Why this is not the case seems hard to tell, as the natural order of development would most probably point to tone being added to tone until the whole set was completed. Four notes, however, are an unknown quantity, except as an accident—a further examination of the music of its owners invariably proving that they have more than four. But five notes are, on the contrary, found constituting the entire musical resources of certain tribes, and, we may add, of certain civilised peoples—these five being the three already enumerated, with the addition of two more tones at the interval of a tone and a half above. We may write the five notes thus:—



These five notes may seem, in the opinion of some, first to deserve the name of "scale," the term being perhaps deemed too dignified a title for the three notes previously recorded. Not only are various uncivilised tribes equipped with such a scale for their music, but the Chinese, Burmese, Javans, Siamese, and other civilised nations that might be quoted are entirely content with it, and have been so to all appearance from a remote antiquity. There is something then in the development of the scale, when it has reached five notes, which serves as a pausing-point for large families of mankind, who have never cared to rise to a higher and larger conception of musical sound. The beauty of Chinese and Indo-Chinese melody is not readily to be appreciated by the chance listener, but will yield itself marvellously to study and familiarity. Scotch music is perhaps the most perfect illustration of the surprising variety of results that can be reached with a scale consisting only of five notes.

The next step in the growth of the scale must have been to insert a middle note, and so have joined these two isolated groups of tones. The Fantees are content with such a melody as the following, which as will be seen bears a close resemblance to Chinese music:—



But there are numerous savage tribes who would look upon the above as

rudimentary and unsatisfactory music, owing to the absence of the F, which would increase the number of notes to six, and admit of the voice travelling in a smooth and unruffled manner from the lowest note of the scale to the highest, without the necessity of a break between. The honour of possessing a six-note scale has been attained by the Bushmen, the Esquimaux, the Feegee Islanders, the Samoans, the Friendly Islanders, most of the North American Indians, some of the Brazilian tribes, and the Laplanders. Their music runs in the first six notes of the scale, and is confined therein. When the melody wishes to pass to the tonic of the upper octave it skips the seventh note invariably. We have the strange spectacle of a perfect hexachord every whit as good as Guido's, formed intuitively by uncivilised man, and the obvious method of its formation has been to insert a note on the fourth degree and so join the two groups of sounds, as we mentioned above. As an example of this six-note scale and its employment, we may quote the following song of the Hurons:—



Having now seen the scale rise from one note to six, we may be prepared for the completion of its progress by the addition of a seventh note, and the formation of the perfect major scale, such as we use to-day, by uncivilised men, who would be considered at such a low level of culture in all other respects as to be beneath scrutiny or regard. The following song of the Australians, however, will convince us not only that these people are in full possession of every note of the scale, but that they have a clear and precise idea of them, recognising their sequence and relationship:—



The Chiquitos of the Andes, the Indians of the Rio Negro, the Itelmes of Kamatchatka, and many of the African tribes, besides the Australians, sing and play music which exhibits no less perfectly than the above the entire gamut. Our surprise cannot but be very great to find music thus growing up as naturally as the tones and syllables of language among man—indebted to no theory, modelled according to no rule, yet by unexpected coincidence everywhere agreeing. That scientific musicians in Europe should be gravely discussing the addition of a seventh note to Guido's hexachord; that such an addition should be attributed to the triumph of certain stringent harmonic necessities; and meanwhile there should be growing up in far-off and benighted Australia, in days long before its discovery by the Europeans, the selfsame scale in the selfsame perfection which theorists were wrangling about here, is a circumstance which cannot fail to excite not only reflection but amusement. The close connection, however, between music and language will go far to explain this apparent anomaly. We have developed an alphabet of our own, consisting of certain vocal sounds of vowels and consonants. We turn to some remote and savage tribe who have never had the slightest relationship with Englishmen, and have pursued their little culture and existence independently and alone—to find that they possess an alphabet precisely similar, every vowel and consonant the same, even the characteristic "th's" of our language well represented. We combine our alphabet into a literature: they can scarcely use theirs to express their daily wants by. The case is precisely the same with music. Some uncivilised peoples of greater gifts than others will rise to the possession of the full alphabet. The scale is the alphabet, and nothing more. And how it has gradually grown into shape and being has been the object of the past columns to show.

The Dramatic World.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17TH, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

There is a passage in one of the essays of Theophrastus Such—all which I have most heartily forgotten, for I share with you a certain impatience of the learned writer whom you gracelessly call "that Mrs. Eliot"—a passage in which she avers that it is ridiculous to say that Such-a-one has a great mind but a bad memory: that, in effect, intellect and memory are not one, but inseparable. Now this passage always grieved me, because I have a bad memory and yet do not like to allow that I have a small mind.

And now I have an added cause to grieve: for in that memory is stored a new treasure far too fine to lose. I have seen Sarah Bernhardt again, and almost at her finest. I would say *quite*, if I dared, but the play was only "Lena," and I have not the courage.

Yet "Lena" did not seem to me so bad a play, if only its heroine were finely played. Much better, I am sure, it is than "As in a Looking Glass;" the French workmanship is more skilled than the English here, the play is simpler, stronger, more dramatic.

The first act I give you in; it is almost perfectly bad, especially with French actors and a British audience. English country house life has never been so burlesqued. The acting also was poor; even the heroine I thought very stagey—besides, she looked so far from her divinest! But afterwards each act grew in strength; an interesting story was told—a story not unlike the old, sweet, sentimental "Dame aux Camelias," the fallen woman purified by love; and then—Sarah Bernhardt!

For why do I babble of little things while this beautiful and priceless art remains to be praised? Come and see her, my friend, that yet another frail memory may treasure the grace, the melody, the tenderness of that last scene. The pity of it, that only our memories can preserve such fleeting moments as these! It is the actor's doom, the price he must pay for the unrivalled enthusiasm that his art awakes. A few years, and we must echo De Musset's cry over the grave of the Malibran—

O Maria Félicia! Le peintre et le poète
Laisent, en expirant, d'immortels héritiers. . . .
Ainsi s'en vont à Dieu les gloires d'autrefois;
Ainsi le vaste écho de la voix du génie
Deviend du genre humain l'universelle voix—
Et de toi, morte hier, de toi, pauvre Marie,
Au fond d'une chapelle il nous reste une croix!

This is not criticism, you may say; but what is the highest duty of criticism but to praise in the right place? Yet let me point out to you the admirable simplicity of Madame Bernhardt's art in the great scene of her death. There is no noise, no excessive ingenuity, not a moment which—to quote the greatest of critics—o'ersteps the modesty of nature. Nothing to shock, nothing to surprise; but oh, the beauty of it—and ah, the difficulty! Only genius is as simple as this.

I can assure Mr. Ibsen that I am paying him a high compliment in passing to him straight from Sarah Bernhardt; and I only hope that he will appreciate it. Thinking of the two people—the poet-philosopher and the actress—this seems absurd; but we all, always, persistently underrate acting, *le plus beau, le plus rare, le plus difficile des arts*.

Compare Ibsen with Bernhardt. Has he her simplicity? Has she his originality? Has he her knowledge of art? Has she his height of feeling? Has either of them the full self-respect of the greatest artist?

To all these questions I have an answer which is in its way complete:—I don't know. And now, if you please, we will turn to our afternoon of Ibsen in his "middle style," as I suppose we must call it: to the play which first made him famous, his "Pillars of Society."

Ibsen once wrote a play called "Ghosts." The fact is generally admitted; and a good many people are aware that the play in question is concerned, not with common or midnight spectres, but with the dead selves of our ancestors and of you and me, rising again to be our stepping-stones to higher—or more frequently to lower things. But in truth Ibsen has done more than this; he has written many plays, all of which might properly be entitled ghosts, in this sense, but that it might be ineffective to describe a piece as "Ghosts No. 20; by the author of Ghosts Nos. 1 to 19 inclusive."

For the most prominent character in very many of Ibsen's plays is the Past; terrible, insistent, melancholy. This gives a great truth and fullness to all his characters: for is not every moment of our lives built out of what has been? How far, indeed, are we free agents, with It behind us—how far are we anything but slaves of our own, and of our fathers' past?

Yet, let me observe—and if you notice that my style has suddenly become the style of a sermon, please ascribe it to Ibsen—that with all this we do not live in the past; we are here to-day, and to-day we have to act, and to-morrow take the consequences. The one watchword of life is, "Do."

Little as you might think it, my dear Mr. Fieldmouse, this is my criticism on "The Pillars of Society," drama in four acts, by Henrik Ibsen, performed at the Opera Comique Theatre this very afternoon.

All plays are made up (like the aforesaid human life) of Past, Present, and Future. The dramatist begins by telling us, however briefly, who his characters are, and therefore who they were, and how they got into the positions they now occupy. This we call the Exposition. Then comes the Action—the bright and living present; and at the conclusion we require some glimpse of the Future—as a rule, some pretty clear indication that our good friends will live happily ever after.

That Ibsen gives us two acts of exposition we do not complain; why should we, when the acts are full of interest and of originality? But it seemed to me that our attention flagged in the latter half—and longer half—of the play; and this, I think, was because we were still in receipt of constant little snatches of biography (generally autobiography), when we ought to have Action, and again, as the Greek orator said, Action, and after that, Action.

Writing just after the curtain has fallen, I won't pretend fully to criticise such a work. I will say only that the general verdict seemed to be, on the first two acts, wholly favourable: on the rest—"Well acted; admirably written; but too much sermon, and too little play."

There is a very charming German comedy—I am not sure that I know any more charming German comedy—which is called "Ein Schritt aus dem Wege," and was written by Ernst Wichert. Whether any English dramatist, aided by acting and "staging," however perfect, could reproduce the charm of this play to an English audience, is doubtful; it is said that two writers, one full of fancy and the other not lacking it, have made the attempt—the Messrs. Albery and Broughton—and that neither has produced a result quite satisfactory. It is certain that an adaptation which is little more than a fair translation, acted by a scratch company not quite judiciously chosen, and (it would seem) scarcely rehearsed at all, can give no notion whatever to English hearers of the grace,

the fancy, or the quiet humour of Herr Wichert's work. In "Out of the Beaten Track"—which was adapted by Mr. Meyrick Milton and played at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of July 11th—nobody was greatly to blame, but nothing was at all right. If it was only worth while to do it like that it was not worth while to do it at all.

With which original and weighty aphorism—I don't think it is an aphorism, by the way, but I am sure it is not anything else—allow me, dear Mr. Fieldmouse, to subscribe myself

Your ever sincere,

MUS IN URBE.

P.S. I still await your promised criticism of "Sweet Lavender," and my own opportunity to reply to our pessimist correspondent of last week.

THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool is at present under something of a cloud so far as concerns matters theatrical. All the local houses are closed with the exception of the Rotunda, and it is to be presumed that the several resident managers are enjoying the fruits of the season 1888-89. Lucky fellows, these Liverpool lessees, who can thus close their shows and take a holiday of *ad libitum* proportions at their own sweet will.

The Court will be re-opened on Monday, August 5, and on the previous Saturday Mr. H. Bruce will take a complimentary benefit, and some pretty things will be probably said of and by one of the most popular of managers relative to his recent appointment, with Mr. A. Harris, to the Carl Rosa joint directorate. In the meantime the theatre, originally the old Amphitheatre, is being generally done up, and receiving the addition of a new smoke-room to the foyer.

The Prince of Wales's will open a month or so after the Court, and at or about the same time the Shakespeare will ring up. So far the long-time premier Alexandra has made no definite sign, the last statement being to the effect that it was to be shortly converted into an Empire variety show, and to carry out this serious alterations would, it was said, be undertaken by the recently formed company. There was much talk about all this when the conversion of the fine old theatre, of which poor Titians laid the foundation stone, was brought before the public, and the latter, or at least such portions as are interested in matters theatrical, are anxious to know what is definitely to be done in regard to the Alexandra. Companies seem, by the way, to be good things hereabouts, for all the houses named except the Shakespeare are now owned by limited liability concerns. The last-named theatre will a week or so hence be used for a series of fugitive performances of "Faust," "Bohemian Girl," and "Maritana" by the Liverpool Opera Society, an organisation which has already done a great deal of good work, both by itself and as allied to the ensemble of the Carl Rosa Company during the regular opera season in this city.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Of the most important production of the past week—"Aunt Jack," at the Court Theatre—we must defer our criticism, owing to the culpable negligence of the management, which has not yet invited our critic's presence. It is possible, of course, that this strange omission is due to a wish to bring the play as nearly as may be to absolute perfection before a judge so severe as asked to witness it; and on this charitable assumption we will refrain from saying anything scathing. But we could if we liked, for wit is our strong point.

A farcical comedy called "My Uncle," by Miss Amy Steinberg, was produced at Terry's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. They laughed.

At Terry's Theatre, also, on Wednesday afternoon next, Miss Muriel Wylford will produce a new play called "The Captspaw"—but can this be a new title?—by Mr. John Tresher. Mr. Tresher I know not; may his name be a slip of the pen for that of the young actor, Mr. John Tresahar?

At the Strand Theatre is to be performed on the 23rd inst.—and also in the afternoon—a new play called "Her Father's Sin," whose title surely follows close upon that of "Her Father," a play produced not long ago at another *matinée*—by the way, too, there was a story in the "Cornhill" in ancient days, called "Erema, or My Father's Sin." But it does not matter; and a Miss Rose Meller is guilty of this *matinée*.

I see that the just mentioned "Her Father," which was a drama by Messrs. Edward Rose and John Douglas, is soon to make its way through those strange lands known as "the provinces," piloted by Mr. John Hawthorne.

To return to Terry's Theatre—which is a kind of King Charles's head this week—rejoicings are already in preparation there for the 500th night of "Sweet Lavender," now near at hand. More than half the "cast" of this delightful comedy has been changed during its long run; the latest alteration is the substitution, for the pretty Miss Maud Millett—exquisite alliteration!—of an exceedingly bright and promising young actress, Miss Annie Irish.

Plays of promise by new men have not been lacking at the *matinée* or other tentative performance of late. One of the most recent was "La Marchesa," by Mr. John Uniacke, which occupied several hours of a hot July afternoon last week at the Opera Comique. There was certainly power in this play, and though it was a gloomy piece of work in the main its comic scenes were really funny—which seldom happens at a *matinée*. Moreover, the play was acted and stage-managed with care and intelligence throughout. What makes one fear for the future of the play is its lack both of story and of incident. It is true that we have to a certain extent freed ourselves from what is known—to the technical expert as the "Scribe formula;" but surely there is hardly plot enough for a drama of four acts in such a theorem as the following:—Let A murder her husband B in Act I.; then C, knowing the fact, can compel A's consent to his marriage with her daughter D in Act IV. And this the more, if on such a groundwork be embroidered no incidents whatever (apart from the, quite unconnected, "comic relief") except the casual death of A's son E., and his resemblance, when "laid out," to the departed B.—with A's complementary madness. All the acting of the play was, as I have said, good; and Miss Moodie's would have been very nearly great, but that it was pitched much too low, and taken much too slow. (In a musical paper one must use a technical term now and then, to bring oneself down to the comprehension of one's readers!) Miss Kate James and Mr. Chevallier made great fun, and made it artistically and quietly, in a couple of vigorously sketched parts. Miss Violet Vanbrugh was really sympathetic as the usual young lady who is loved, and Mr. R. S. Boleyn manly as her very usual stolid British lover. Mr. Bedford, too, both died and stage-managed well; but the most unmistakable hit of the afternoon was made by a very young actor, bearing the famous name of Henry Esmond, who, too fidgety at the beginning, played a difficult death-scene with great tenderness and discretion.

"In Danger," a play which made a very good impression at a *matinée* nearly two years ago, is to be produced for a run at the Vaudeville Theatre on the 29th inst.—Monday week. The authors are an actor and a clergyman, Messrs. W. Lestocq and H. Cresswell—*place au théâtre*, in this column at all events!—and the cast seems likely to be a very strong one. We hear that a little play called "The Postscript"—no relation, it is understood, to Augier's charming duologue—is to open the evening. This is written by Mr. Hamilton Knight, a promising young actor, and is also a survival from a *matinée*—of the fittest, let us hope.

On Tuesday night we had Sarah Bernhardt in "La Tosca" at the Lyceum; the very magnificence of melodrama. The morality, the artistic value of plays of mere horror may be questioned, but not the tremendous power of the actress, nor the cleverness of Sardou's work. But of all this more fully next week.

The Organ World.

THE RATIONAL ELEMENT IN MUSIC.

BY F. GILBERT WEBB.

Every truly artistic work is the result of a keen appreciation of the individuality and consequent relation of its various parts to each other and to the whole. Each species of art is subject to this relative balance and connection of parts, on the just proportion of which in reference to the whole will depend the beauty and success of the work. Especially is this so in music. It is a fact that not a bar could be taken away from many great musical works without injury to the composition in its entirety. So dependent are the various parts on each other, and so natural is their consequence and connection, that to remove any one phrase or even chord would be to break the continuity of the whole; would be similar to removing a sentence from the middle of an argument and in like manner would tend to obscure, if it did not destroy, the meaning and design of the adjacent phrases.

The thorough appreciation of this chief element of beauty is not merely of primary importance to the composer, as many would seem to think, but equally so to the performer, and more especially to the organist, whose instrument virtually represents a small orchestra, and is capable of rendering music of many independent parts and much variety of tone colour. With this capability, however, of the instrument, comes increased difficulty of comprehension by the auditor, for in an orchestra you have many minds; a mind not only for each theme, but also for each part of the harmony accompanying the various themes, and as the harmony is designed to illustrate and deepen the character of the themes, and as each note of that harmony is played by a different person, who as a musician is impressed and acted upon by the theme, there results from this combination of minds all actuated by one feeling, a power of expression that is frequently startling in its intensity. But the organist, however capable he may be of playing the many parts simultaneously, has only one mind, one motive power, against the forty or fifty of an orchestra, added to which he has no means of approaching the wonderful sympathetic quality of a body of "strings." Thus it is more difficult to follow intelligently a musical work when played on the organ than by an orchestra, because with the latter every part of the music gets characteristic and individual expression, which on the organ is frequently impossible.

All this, however, points to the great necessity for an organist to thoroughly understand the work he performs. Each subject in his piece may be said to be a thought which passed through the mind of the composer; and as such a distinct idea, certain notes will require some accentuation or peculiar treatment which should be reproduced on each occasion of the recurrence of the subject. This preservation of the individuality of each subject is of the first importance to the intelligibility of the performance; most especially in the playing of fugues. It of course frequently leads to much executive difficulty, but the practice necessary to attain mastery in this important particular will be more than repaid by the results, both in the increased interest the works so treated will have for the performer, and in the higher estimation in which his playing will be held.

Much of what has been said with regard to principal subjects also applies to progressions of harmony. There will be a reason, or should be, for every change and modulation. Some chords, when placed in juxtaposition with others, have certain effects which convey distinct ideas to the mind, and although this is more a matter for the composer than the performer, a careful study by the latter of the progressions employed will always prove helpful to the clearer understanding of every organ work, while at the same time it will increase the artistic perception of the performer.

Another important point much overlooked by organists is the capacity of their audiences to follow intelligently the compositions performed. There is a perceptible period of time between the presentation of an idea to the mind and its being understood. This period is extremely variable, but the fact of its existence and of its appreciable duration, is shown in every day life by the slower and more careful utterances of speakers when explaining any matter of intricacy. Now if this be necessary with speech, how much more is it a matter of consequence in the more delicate and vague medium of music? Constantly, however, do we hear the more intricate passages hastened by the player, and the difficulty of their meaning consequently increased, until the music often becomes hopelessly incoherent, and the only

idea conveyed to the mind of the hearer is the executive ability of the performer, or the noisy power of his instrument.

This hurrying of the time is frequently heard also in passages of sequential and modulatory character, with equally fatal results. Many of these sequential passages are so familiar to the musician, that, given the first two or three chords, he will, if desired, continue them through the whole of the keyboard without a further glance at the music. Many of these progressions are of great beauty, and from long study the musician knows and understands how each chord modulates into, and introduces the next, but the ordinary listener receives quite a different impression; to him each cord seems to introduce a new key, which his mind has no sooner distinguished than he is introduced to another key, and then another, and so on until often he ceases to understand before the sequence has proceeded through half its chromatic career. Now if the performer would remember that every modulation raises expectancy, and a feeling of unrest, and that every time a new key is reached the mind prepares itself to hear continued developments in that key, he might in some degree realise the conditions of his auditors' minds after hearing a modulatory passage performed at the greatest attainable speed—with the probable introduction of one or two wrong notes.

Another thing much overlooked is the fact that the untrained ear has more difficulty in following chromatic than diatonic music. This in a less degree is true even of musicians. What, then, is the attitude of the ordinary mind during the rapid and often unintelligible performance of music in which chromatic effects predominate? Simply that which one sees so often written on the faces of an audience, patient expectancy for passages they can understand. A condition hardly improving or enjoyable.

From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that considerably more than mere executive ability is required by the organist if he would make his recital interesting and instructive to all who hear. He must understand the inner meaning of the work he performs, and must convey what may be termed the "spirit" of the composition to his audience. Careful and often prolonged study of every distinctive peculiarity, both of subject and harmony, not only of the piece performed but of other works by the same composer, will alone give the recitalist the power of transmitting to his hearers the thoughts and purposes of the composer. All honour to him who succeeds in so doing, and who thus perpetuates some of the most beautiful creations of the brain of man.

A LECTURE ON GREGORIANS.

The Plain Song and Mediæval Music Society held a meeting, by the courtesy of Dean Bradley, in the College Hall, Westminster, on Monday afternoon last, when an able and exhaustive paper on the subject of Gregorian Music was read by Mr. H. B. Briggs, the honorary secretary of the Society.

Mr. Briggs divided his lecture into three parts—Characteristics, History, and Revival. Under the first division he claimed for the method its development from purely religious sources of the greatest antiquity, and met the objection raised by many concerning its harshness and limited melodic progressions, by maintaining that some of the grandest effects produced by Wagner and other modern composers, were obtained by massive harmony in which melody was absent or held a secondary place, and that the monotony of the plain song was not greater than that of the repetition of an Anglican chant, and especially of the parts in the harmony of the latter. Passing to History, the lecturer briefly sketched the elaboration of Plainsong before the fourth century, its corruption by St. Ambrose, its purification by St. Gregory the Great in the latter part of the sixth century, and its subsequent gradual degeneration by the introduction of accidentals and assimilation of the modern scale. Concerning its revival, Mr. Briggs pointed out the great difficulty there existed in obtaining from the ancient M.S.S. a true idea of the manner of performance with regard to rhythm and accent. Mr. Briggs here explained the meaning of several of the ancient Neumes and marks, and suggested that their revival would more accurately convey the peculiar freedom of the inflections than our present notation, which is based on the strict relative value of each note. Speaking of instrumental accompaniment, he expressed his opinion that the harmony should not always change with each different note of the plain song, but that the chief or accented note should alone be harmonized so as to leave the greatest freedom for the progression of the voice part.

Some interesting examples of ancient church music were admirably sung

by a small choir of gentlemen, the effect of which might be fairly described as exaggerated intoning, and certainly was as unemotional as the most stern purist could desire. In the absence of the Bishop of Salisbury, the President of the Society, the chair was occupied by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, Minor Canon of Westminster, who made a few appropriate remarks; but owing to want of time no discussion was invited, which was much to be regretted, as there was a numerous attendance and several leading church musicians were present.

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR ORGANISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Webb, in his interesting article on "The Opportunity for Organists," has said much, which, if taken to heart, may be of practical service to his brother professionals, but I think he has rather overlooked one great cause of the coldness with which the organist's work in recital giving is regarded by the musical press. I refer to the fact that so many of our performances betray insufficient preparation, and are, therefore, hardly to be judged by the highest standard of art.

That the organ players of England have of late years made vast strides in technique and musicianship is, I believe, an admitted fact; but the circumstances in which they are placed renders it extremely difficult for them to devote to their instrument one-third of the time that is considered inevitable to the proper mastery of, say, the violin or pianoforte. Salaries are small, organ blowing is expensive. Competition is ever reducing both the number and monetary value of pupils. In the face of these difficulties how is an organist to properly equip himself as an exponent of elaborate music on the most complicated and possibly the most difficult of all instruments? As a matter of fact, too often it happens that the recital giver depends on the practice done in his student days, and gives his programme with just a preliminary glance through, hoping "it will go," and excusing himself for *wrong notes, unwritten pauses, &c., &c.*, on the score of the difficulty of his instrument.

That judicious criticism of the press would be of great value in stirring us up to better work I am prepared to concede, but the root of the evil lies in the miserable stipends so frequently paid. Until this is remedied I am afraid it is hopeless to expect from the rank and file of organists such good and artistic performances as are general among artists on other instruments, or to win for the organ its proper place in the esteem of the public.

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

DIAPASON.

NOTES.

Dr. Bridge will be the organist on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales to the Earl of Fife, which will be celebrated in Buckingham Palace Chapel on the 27th inst. The clergy officiating will be the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Windsor, the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Rector of Sandringham, and the Bishop of London. The full choral service will be sung by the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, under the direction of Mr. Jekyll.

The choir of Peterborough Cathedral was reopened on the 10th inst., after having been closed for repairs since 1883. The lantern tower has been rebuilt, the north and south transepts underpinned, and three columns in the choir repaired at a cost of about £25,000. The work of restoration has been carried out under the able direction of Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A.

A great improvement has been effected in the musical portion of the Sunday services at Christ Church, Newgate-street, by the introduction of a surpliced and trained choir of men and boys. It is said that no surpliced choir has sung in this church since the Reformation. Why?

The church at Kildown, Kent, one of the most gorgeously decorated in the country, is to have its ceiling elaborately painted and ornamented, and six stained glass windows inserted as a memorial of the late Mr. and Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope. Kildown Church is close to Bedgebury Park, the seat of the late Mr. Beresford-Hope, who spent upwards of

£40,000 in rebuilding and redecorating this sacred edifice. It would be interesting to know what proportion of this sum was originally intended to be devoted to the maintenance of the musical portion of the services at a standard in harmony with these high artistic surroundings.

Dudley Buck, the composer of "The Light of Asia," but whose name is perhaps better known to amateurs by his graceful songs and pianoforte pieces, is the organist of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, U.S., for which he receives a salary of £400 a year.

RECITAL NEWS.

A recital was given last week at the Parish Church, Bishops Stortford, by Dr. Martin, of St. Paul's Cathedral, on an organ built by Alfred Kirkland. The programme was as follows:—1, Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Bach); 2, Sacred Song, "Thus saith the Lord" (Handel), Mr. Thomas Kempton; 3, Romanza, from the symphony "La Reine de France" (Haydn); 4 and 5, Minuet in B flat and "Thou art gone up on high" (Handel); 6, March in C (Spohr).

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, MAPLEDURHAM.—On the occasion of the dedication of the organ presented to this church by C. D. Rose, Esq., on Sunday July 7, 1889, the following pieces were rendered by J. N. Gritton, Esq., F.C.O., organist of the Parish Church, Reigate:—1, Overture (occasional oratorio), Handel; 2, Andante in F, Smart; 3, Andante in F sharp minor, Wesley; 4, Minuet (from symphony), Sterndale Bennett; 5, March "Valour and Faith," Gritton.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

Sir John Stainer kindly distributed the diplomas to the successful candidates for the degree of F.C.O. on July 19.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Reference has been made in these columns to Mlle. Augusta Holmès, the distinguished French "composeres"—if the word has no place in the dictionary, let it be now admitted—whose symphonic poem, "Lutèce," was recently performed in Paris. The Commission des Fêtes of Landerneau, in conjunction with the State authorities, have voted a sum of 300,000 francs to defray the expenses of performing a Triumphant Ode, of which both words and music have been written by Mlle. Holmès.

A distressing incident has taken place at Asterode. The well-known tenor, Gessner, was one night surprised in his sleep by an actor named Seidemann, who wounded him fatally with a revolver, and then committed suicide. The motive of the tragedy may easily be guessed—a woman, with whom both men were in love.

Toujours les Femmes. The question of the admission of women to professional competitions has been raised once more, this time at the musical Academy of Brussels. At the recent competition for the "prix de Rome," a young lady presented herself, and the Academy held solemn council as to her admissibility. It will be gratifying to the champions of women's rights to know that a special decree was passed in favour of the candidate, who was no other than the Mlle. Juliette Folville who, as a violinist, pianist, and composer, was heard a good deal of in London last year.

Our readers will learn with pleasure that Mr. W. S. Rockstro has been granted a pension of £50 from the Civil List in consideration of his services to musical literature. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Rockstro's good work in the cause of music, and have read his admirable articles in "Grove's Dictionary," will perhaps think the pension might have been a trifle more magnificent in amount; but the value of the grant must be gauged by the fact of its having been obtained by a life merely devoted to the interests of art.

MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA.

Lillian Nordica is one of the many artists concerning whose histories the most assiduous chronicler can find but little to record of external incident. Her childhood, passed in Maine, U.S.A., was quiet and uneventful; and of her later life, the chief features are such as may be written rather in the annals of the operatic stage and the concert-room, than in any volume of romantic tales. We believe that she has not indulged even in the luxurious advertisement—that last infirmity of some prima donnas—of having her jewels stolen. Perhaps the shortness of her career may account for this; but it is not likely that Madame Nordica will ever need to fix the public attention by such ingenious but unworthy devices.

For short her career has certainly been, and its success is thrown into sharper contrast thereby. She was born, as has been said, in Maine, her family name being Norton, and her ancestry pure American, dating back to the times of the early English settlements. When she was still very young her parents removed to Boston, where she studied for three years at the Conservatory. But she was, very fortunately for her ultimate success, placed there under a teacher who refused to allow her to force her powers into premature development. Voice-production, and the generally theoretic side of singing, were the principal subjects of her study; but her master would not suffer her to appear in public as a singer. She was thus admirably grounded in the first principles of her art; and when, in December, 1879, she proceeded to Italy to study under San Giovanni, that renowned *maestro* found her equipped so far more completely for her artistic career than is usual now-a-days, when most singers think it necessary to invite the public verdict upon vocal performances which belong properly to the artistic nursery, that he allowed her to make her *début* after three months' study. This she did at Brescia in "*La Traviata*," subsequently making frequent appearances at Milan and Genoa in "*Faust*," "*Rigoletto*," and other important works. For the winters of 1881 and 1882, Mme. Nordica accepted engagements at St. Petersburg, where she sang a repertoire of ten operas. The intervening summers were spent in study with the same teacher. In 1883 she sang at the Paris Opéra for seven months, making her first appearance as Marguerite. Here, too, she met with great success, her engagement being terminated by her marriage with Mr. Gower. Of the sad circumstances of her husband's early death whilst on an aeronautic expedition we need not dwell—not yet is sympathy chilled. She sang no more until 1887, when she made her first appearance on the operatic stage under Mr. Mapleson, whose season was, however, of short duration. At its termination, as will be remembered, Mr. Augustus Harris commenced a season at Drury Lane, engaging Madame Nordica, who is therefore the only prima donna at present in his company from that season. The success which she then achieved is the more remarkable when it is known that at least two parts—in "*Aida*" and "*Gli Ugonotti*"—in which she played were taken, the one without a single rehearsal, the other after only four or five days' study. It is in such emergencies that the soundness of an artist's experience and skill is most plainly attested; and Madame Nordica came through the trying ordeals with more than common credit.

It is surely unnecessary to recall the history of the last two years of this artist's life, to whom honour has come so early; and there are certainly few amateurs who are unacquainted with the qualities which entitle Madame Nordica to such high consideration. She has won her position in the concert room by the exquisite freshness and sweetness of her voice; on the stage, by the alternating charm and intensity of her style as an actress. In a word, Madame Nordica has taken a firm and lasting hold upon the hearts of the English musical public, who will be glad to know that she proposes to make her permanent home amongst us.

THE REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF ENGLISH OPERA UNDER CARL ROSA.

BY HERMANN KLEIN.*

(Concluded from Page 454.)

We now pass to the third and in some respects the most important stage in Carl Rosa's managerial career. I allude to the London season in which he joined forces with Mr. Augustus Harris, and inaugurated a brief season at Drury Lane. In this instance it was English Opera in the literal sense of the term. Some months before commissions to write new operas

had been accepted by Mr. Arthur Goring Thomas and Mr. Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, young musicians who had both made their names in the composition of cantatas, &c., but who had not until now attempted the composition of an opera. The prospectus which set forth this bold endeavour to "exploit" native talent was hailed with genuine delight. On the opening night, which fell on Easter Monday, March 26th, 1883, was given Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, "*Esmeralda*." A fortnight later Mr. Mackenzie's "*Colomba*" also saw the light. "*Esmeralda*" was repeated several times before crowded houses, and subsequently became, as you are aware, one of the favourite works of the repertory. Its stirring story, and graceful melodious music have never failed to interest, either in England or on the Continent, where, I may remark, "*Esmeralda*" has been produced with emphatic success. The chief characters at Drury Lane were created by Miss Georgina Burns, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Ludwig, Mr. Leslie Crotty, and Mr. Ben Davies. "*Colomba*," although a success in London, was unquestionably too advanced for provincial audiences. Dr. Hueffer's libretto imposed upon the opera sundry disadvantages which it is not now worth while to specify; but, if both novelties could not be made equally popular, it may at least be said that their high artistic merit, and the universal chorus of congratulation with which they were welcomed, constituted a glorious triumph for English art! At least, it was clearly demonstrated that we had in our midst composers capable of producing lyric dramas worthy to rank with, if not to excel, the products of France, Italy, and Germany. Once this was made palpable to the minds of the public Carl Rosa was not the man to slacken the hold he had gained. He forthwith gave a commission to another Englishman for the composition of an opera. The outcome was Mr. Charles Villiers Stanford's "*Canterbury Pilgrims*," which I do not hesitate to describe as one of the most charming works that the present Cambridge Professor has ever given us. It was produced in the following season at Drury Lane, and received with enthusiasm by musicians, though I regret to say it did not secure an enduring success. In this year, 1884, "*Esmeralda*" and "*Colomba*" were both reproduced, but the anticipation that they would now form genuine attractions was somewhat rudely dispelled. To tell the truth, calculations of every kind were upset just now by the unparalleled success of "*Carmen*," and the extraordinary favour lavished upon those popular evergreens, "*Faust*" and "*The Bohemian Girl*." These three works were very finely performed, and the public, no matter how kind its attitude towards new productions, would give the preference to these old acquaintances. I ought to here make note of the rare liberality with which every opera was mounted, and the valuable assistance given by Mr. Augustus Harris in the stage management. I will also mention as another point of interest, to indicate the growing importance of the national lyric revival, that "*Colomba*" was included among the novelties to be produced during the Italian Opera season, with Madame Pauline Lucca in the title-role. That promise, however, was never fulfilled. The operas I have just been enumerating continued to form the chief attractions of the country tour, but to them must be added an English adaptation of Boito's "*Mefistofele*" brought out at Dublin in August, 1884; and also a work of quite another class, viz., Millöcker's comic opera "*The Beggar Student*," which was first given at Manchester. Carl Rosa had a peculiarly strong liking for "*The Beggar Student*." Somehow he believed in it. But this was one of the very few instances in which he gauged the public taste incorrectly. I say this at any rate with regard to London, for it must be admitted that "*The Beggar Student*" proved a profitable draw in the country.

At Easter, 1885, the Carl Rosa Company appeared at Drury Lane for the third year in succession. The two novelties were a brand-new opera from the pen of the successful composer of "*Esmeralda*" and an English version of Massenet's opera "*Manon*." Mr. Thomas's new work "*Nadeshda*," composed to the libretto of Mr. Julian Sturgis, was produced on April 16, and proved to be a distinct advance upon his earlier opera. The chief parts were finely sustained by Madame Valleria, Miss Josephine Yorke, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Leslie Crotty. The effect made by Mr. Thomas's beautiful music, the admirable performance under Mr. Randegger, and the novel charm of the Russian stage pictures will not easily be forgotten. English art once more scored, and scored heavily. "*Nadeshda*" drew crowded houses on no fewer than thirteen nights during the eight weeks that the season lasted. "*Manon*," produced a fortnight after "*Nadeshda*," was played ten times, and must therefore have drawn well, but unquestionably it did not secure the irresistible hold on public favour that was won by the English work. Artistically speaking, this season was a brilliant success, but, as in previous years, I fear the pecuniary balance

was not on the right side; and here let me say that no London season given under the conditions that it was given by Carl Rosa could be attended by financial profit. The expenses were always out of proportion to the receipts, for unhappily the aristocratic patrons who buy stalls and private boxes did not come forward as they should have done. They left the crowding of the house to the occupants of the pit and gallery, boxes, and dress circle. Yet naturally it was essential that the company should from time to time visit the metropolis in order that it might receive the *cachet* of London approval which so strongly influences the mind of the provincial opera-goer.

Yet, once again, on May 31, 1886, did the troupe enter upon a Drury-lane season. It is worthy of note that on the opening night (just as at the Princess's eleven years before) was performed Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Carl Rosa himself conducting. But of the old cast only two artists (Mr. Charles Lyall and Mr. Aynsley Cook) remained. Later on was produced a second opera from the pen of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, entitled "The Troubadour." Much had been expected of this work and an infinity of pains had been lavished upon its production. It was not, however, a success. The sombre nature of the story and the lack of brightness and contrast in the libretto (again written by Dr. Hueffer) militated but too surely against its chances. The music contained much that was beautiful and much that was dramatic; but, like that of "Colomba," it did not please the general ear; consequently "The Troubadour" was performed only five nights and not even tried subsequently in the provinces. The stock operas of the repertory drew as largely as usual. Of the previous season's novelties it is curious that "Nadeshda" was once more a great success, while "Manon" now was treated with the utmost indifference.

In the tour of the following winter an important new departure was made. The new English opera entitled "Nordisa," written specially for the company by Mr. Frederick Corder, was produced for the first time in the provinces, being brought out at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, on January 26, 1887. The fate of this work affords a precise indication of the difference existing between the critical standpoints of London and provincial operatic audiences. "Nordisa" made a tremendous hit in Liverpool, yet when produced at Drury Lane on the fourth night of the next and last London Carl Rosa season it failed to create anything approaching the same enthusiasm. This undeniably was one of the greatest disappointments the *impresario* ever experienced. Otherwise there is little to be said about this final visit. "Lohengrin" and "Carmen" were the most attractive operas, the revival of Wagner's opera being splendidly done.

I have now reached the conclusion of that portion of my task which relates to the efforts of Carl Rosa to popularise English opera in the Metropolis. As will have been seen, he was not too well supported here. From an artistic point of view he achieved triumph after triumph; he lifted English opera out of the slough of despond which I described at the outset of my remarks; he proved that the native lyric drama was a plant capable of flourishing under careful nurture; and he helped to exalt the public taste to a far higher level than it had attained in the days of Alfred Bunn, or even Pyne and Harrison. But after all, if London would not do its duty by Carl Rosa, why should Carl Rosa continue to work for London, dearly as he might prize his visits here, when the speculation was invariably attended by loss?

Accordingly, we find our *impresario* in the two succeeding years concentrating his energies upon his new theatre in Liverpool, and upon his provincial undertaking generally. He produced English versions of such operas as Auber's "Masaniello," Halévy's "La Juive," and Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," and "L'Etoile du Nord." These he never brought to London, but they were produced with as much care, completeness, and splendour as though they had been intended to challenge the judgment of a Covent Garden audience.

Really, when I glance back at what Carl Rosa did during what were comparatively the last days of his career, I cannot help thinking that he must have felt some presentiment, some "still small voice," telling him that, if he wished for his life's labours not to be wasted, he must set about consolidating their outcome, and make provision for the carrying-on of the good work by hands other than his own. He had already converted his enterprise into a limited liability company. He had launched a successful light opera scheme at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in town, and now, as a final act of policy, he entered into an agreement with Mr. Augustus Harris, whereby the interests of English opera became identical with those of Italian opera. Carl Rosa saw plainly enough how the tide had turned in the fortunes of Italian opera, and he knew that it would be better to go

with the current than oppose it. He hoped, in fact, that the combination would prove advantageous to the English cause, and that his soul was still in this cause as evidenced by the commissions for new operas which he gave to Mr. Frederic Cowen and Mr. Hamish MacCunn. He did not live to see the fulfilment of that dearest wish of all, the establishment of a national operatic institution supported by Government aid, which should constitute at once the home and the fostering centre of English lyric art. I fear, alas! it will be long before that dream is realised. Carl Rosa died in harness. His fatal journey to Paris was made purely in the interests of the concerns with which he was associated. It is not precisely part of my task to pronounce the eulogy of this singularly able and far-sighted man. I have simply desired to show how, thanks to Carl Rosa's untiring energy, his noble enthusiasm in the cause of art, and his unfeigned love for the people and the language of the country of his adoption, Opera, as performed in the vernacular, rose high and dry out of the abysses into which it had fallen and became once more a living and prosperous element in our artistic life.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER" AT COVENT GARDEN.

The production of Wagner's "Meistersinger" in Italian on the evening of Saturday, the 13th, has most worthily crowned Mr. Augustus Harris's season of Italian opera. It might well have been believed that the "Meistersinger" could not be performed at all in Italian in any effective fashion, but Mr. Harris has proved that it *can*, by doing it. It would be easy to prove that this is not the *most* effective way, but, at present, quite superfluous. We have not now to consider the possible, but the practical. We shall have occasion to criticise many of the details of the performance, and, therefore, that there may be no misunderstanding, we shall state at once that, in spite of all blemishes, the performance given at Covent Garden is such as to make it, on the whole, a fairly adequate presentation—rising at many points to high excellence—of this most beautiful of comic operas. The initial difficulty which faced the manager was that of procuring a good Italian translation of the libretto, and Mr. Harris has the utmost reason to be grateful to Signor Mazzucato, who, with a conscientiousness deserving the warmest thanks, has translated the whole work—including even the pieces omitted in performance. There is probably no opera-book in existence so difficult to translate as that of "Die Meistersinger" (which an amateur translator, in our hearing, rendered "The Singing Master"), and Signor Mazzucato is to be congratulated on the brilliant success of his Italian version. In a few passages the sense is altered; but, on the whole, the rendering is faithful to a degree which is quite wonderful. We would remark, however, that on Saturday night the singers took the liberty of varying the words in the book to a most surprising extent. The house at the beginning of the performance (an hour earlier than usual) was, of course, poorly filled; but later on every seat was occupied, and if many left before the performance was over this is simply to be attributed to the fact that country visitors must leave early to get home. As it was, the opera lasted till a quarter after twelve, when the manager and conductor and principal artists were summoned before the curtain and applauded by those who were lucky enough to be able to stay to the end.

And now to come to the performance. It began badly, for the overture was too slowly played, and the brass was too noisy; nor did matters mend on the raising of the curtain, for the stage-management of the church scene was not good, and the *tempo* adopted was so slow as almost to ruin the effect. This ridiculously slow *tempo* was adhered to almost throughout the act, which suffered greatly thereby. It was not till Walther began to sing the air "So rief der Lenz" (we prefer to quote the now well-known, original words) that we got to anything like the proper *tempo*. The conductor will surely find it practicable to take all this a good deal quicker at future performances, for it is not to be denied that the first act dragged heavily. Fortunately after this Signor Mancinelli hurried up considerably, and thenceforth it was only at intervals that he allowed the *tempi* to drag. Possibly it was not at any time his fault, but the effect was most mischievous. Passing over the introductory scenes, we must complain of the way in which M. Jean de Reszke sang "Am stillen Herd," which was taken almost as slowly as a funeral march, and spoiled by the singer's indulgence in *rallentandos* and pauses, *ad lib.* No direction occurs in Wagner's scores more often than "Streng im Zeitmass,"

or, in Italian, "A Tempo." This direction was violated scores of times in the course of the evening, and the violation did more to damage the work from an artistic point of view than almost anything else in the performance. This tendency (perfectly legitimate in the regular Italian opera) is the great hindrance to Wagner's works being sung by singers of the Italian school. Still, when the curtain fell on Act I. we felt that we had made acquaintance with a worthy Walther, and a Sachs who led us to entertain the highest expectations of what he was going to do. The new Beckmesser also, M. Isnardon, had so far created a most favourable impression; for if his performance was not equal to the incomparable creation of Herr Ehrke in 1882, it was at least original and promised to be genuinely humorous. The performance of Act 2 was on the whole better than that of the 1st Act, for there was no such dragging of the *tempi*, and the scenes between Sachs and Eva and Sachs and Beckmesser were very well rendered. But the scenery was not quite adequate; the tree behind which Walther and Eva attempt to hide being so ludicrously small as to remind spectators of the occasion when a certain famous "claimant" went behind a sapling to hide his tears. Nor was the street-row represented as it should be: the chorus entering too rapidly, and showing far too much inclination to range themselves in the typical Italian opera semi-circle. But M. Lassalle had by this time shown how boldly and how successfully he could aim at throwing himself into the character of Hans Sachs, and it hardly needs saying how magnificently he sang the music of the part. If there were any imperfections, one willingly forgot them in presence of that noble voice and simple, manly style, to which no one could refuse his heartfelt sympathy. The fall of the curtain was followed by loud and enthusiastic applause, which was indeed well deserved. The third act (introduced by a very good performance of the famous prelude) was, on the whole, better played than either of its predecessors: here M. Jean de Reszke exhibited his abilities to the very best advantage: we doubt if anything in the opera has ever been sung with more beauty of voice, more finish of style, and more inspiration of tenderness than that verse of the Preislied which Walther sings to Eva in Sachs's room. It was a noble effort, which few, if any, singers of our day could surpass. Barring a little slip, the performance of the Quintett at the end of the act was also very good, and the enthusiasm of the audience rose still higher. The rising of the curtain for the final act brought some little disappointment, for the scene is not quite up to what we expect from Mr. Harris. There is, indeed, a sort of resemblance to Nuremberg, but of the brilliant atmosphere, sunlit glow, and exquisitely picturesque details which make the Bayreuth presentation of this scene a thing which haunts the memory for ever, there is no trace in the somewhat pale and cold picture which we see at Covent Garden. The entry of the various guilds and the dance of the apprentices with the "Mädel von Fürth" were sufficiently well represented, a certain timidity in the choral rendering excepted, but at the entry of the "Meistersinger" the conductor fell back into his former mistake of an unnaturally slow tempo, thereby giving a quasi-solemn tone to what should have a thoroughly brilliant and festive character. The entry of Sachs roused up the various personages on the stage, who had thus far displayed only the somewhat English characteristic of taking their pleasures rather sadly. But they gave Sachs some hearty cheering, and sang his choral as boldly as a little uncertainty about the notes would permit them to do. M. Jean de Reszke then gave the Preislied as finely as all had anticipated, and when Sachs had sung a very truncated version of his patriotic address, the curtain finally fell at a quarter past twelve. The part of Eva affords so little opportunity for display that we have not had occasion to mention Madame Albani, but it would be most unjust not to thank her for her excellent performance; and M. Montariol, M. Winoogradoff, M. Abramoff, and Mlle. Bauermeister may also be praised for their rendering of the parts of David, Kothner, Pogner, and Magdalena. M. Lassalle should be advised to make up so as to look some years older, for there is a suggestion of tenderness and pathos in the relations between Sachs and Eva, which is not brought out unless a considerable difference in their ages is obvious.

We have reserved to the last a few criticisms on certain details of the performance, which we hope to see modified on future occasions. The most important matter is the insufficient attention paid to the necessity of suiting the action to the music. Thus, in Act 3, when Eva utters a cry at seeing Walther on the stairs in Sachs's house, Walther did not actually appear till two bars later on, whereby the whole significance of the music

at that point was lost. And again in the scene where Beckmesser, still suffering from the effects of the blows he received the night before, enters Sachs's room, it is most important that the gestures of the performer should exactly coincide with the staccato chords of the orchestra; as a fact, however, the music was almost always ahead of the twinges it was supposed to describe, and this was the more surprising, because in the first two acts M. Isnardon, who is, on the whole, a very excellent Beckmesser, had taken particular pains to be accurate on this very point. The chorus of apprentices also need further rehearsal: the simple phrase in Act I., to the words "Das Blumenkränzlein aus Seiden fein, &c.," was quite spoilt by the confused manner of its rendering.

Still, we may conclude by warmly thanking Mr. Harris for what is on the whole a very fair, and in many respects a very excellent performance of a work so delightful that it has extorted the admiration even of the composer's bitterest enemies. It only remains for the general public to support this courageous attempt to do justice to one of the most enjoyable—and difficult—works to which modern art has given birth.

AN IMPUDENT CRITIC.

(From "The Globe" of Monday last.)

Yesterday's "Observer" took a most improper liberty with some of the most talented and hitherto most privileged men and women of our epoch—the noble army of our drawing-room song-writers. In a column devoted to "New Music," a reviewer has positively had the audacity to make remarks of a critical nature upon the compositions submitted to him. This is most unusual. Hitherto it has always been etiquette for the reviewer to dip his pen in rose-water and write something like this: "Kiss Me Once Again" (words by F. Tennyson Smith, music by Arion Jones) is a charming composition in four flats, admirably adapted for the cottage piano. Both words and melody are of a high order of excellence. The song is dedicated to the Countess of Blatherum, whose portrait adorns the admirably designed ornamental cover. (Smith and Co.) But no such delicacy of treatment appears in the "Observer's" criticism, in which even the great Mr. F. E. Weatherly is accused of writing bathos! The impudent critic goes on further to point out that one poet makes "secure" rhyme with "door," while another makes it rhyme with "truer;" he says of another's verses that they "defy the rules of rhyme and rhythm and are simply twaddle;" he accuses a fourth minstrel of "ignorance of the laws of prosody;" he informs a fifth that his lines are ungrammatical; and he throws doubt upon the possibility of the author of—

"So Time and Tide, I will go with thee (sic)
Onward and on to eternity"—

being an educated Englishman. It would be painful to reproduce in full this reviewer's unkind remarks. We will only add that he appears—surprising idea!—to look for originality in these songs, and impertinently objects to what he is pleased to call "venerable truisms." The song-writers whom he has thus outraged have our sincerest sympathy. We expect from them bathos, common-place, and twaddle; we do not expect from them grammar, rhythm, or prosody. Who cares for the thoughts being original, so long as the rhymes are? We must protest against the application of such Neo-criticism to a dear and venerable art.

"OTELLO" AT THE LYCEUM.

The first impressions of Verdi's "Otello," recorded in our last issue—as well as some not so recorded—are confirmed and intensified by a second hearing of the work. That its general effect owes much to the two consummate artists who play the rôles of Otello and Iago may be readily admitted without detriment to its intrinsic merits; for when all such deductions have been made the fact remains that we have in "Otello" a work of vital power and beauty. The third act, by contrast with the magnificent strength of the second and fourth, certainly seems weak, if not ineffectual; but this is perhaps inevitable. The heights—or, much rather, the depths—of passion shown in the devilish creed set forth by Iago; the wild despair of Otello's farewell to his dreams of the past and future; and the strangely pathetic ferocity with which he dedicates

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford-square, London, W.C.—ADVT.

himself to vengeance, with that terrible repeated cry of "Sangue! Sangue!"—these are of an intensity which could hardly be maintained throughout, and, indeed, would be well-nigh intolerable if unrelieved by any lessened tension. The last act is perhaps not faultless from the dramatic point of view, and the inadequacy of those who sustain the secondary parts does not assist in the concealment of the faults. Nevertheless, the unspeakable sadness of the fate of this man, whose doom, like Arthur's, is that he still loves the woman whom he takes for false, was more than sufficiently shown. As the dying Otello drags himself to the bedside of the dead Desdemona, and kisses her once—twice—and, with the plea for the third last kiss but half uttered, choked by the death-rattle, and then rolls heavily down the steps to die—here surely is enough to pity.

We have hinted that it is not easy to separate the music from the performance, but some idea of its beauty and truth may be gained when it is remembered that the art which can evoke interpretations so magnificent as those of Tamagno and Maurel must certainly be great itself. It goes without saying that though admirable acting and singing can lend some factitious power to inferior art, they cannot, for any length of time, make that art seem great. Parts in which the genius of such performers find such full scope must in themselves be greatly designed. And it is so here. The music which Verdi has written—at least as far as the principal parts are concerned—must unquestionably be regarded as true and noble. The breadth of that given to Otello, the contrasted subtlety of that given to Iago, and the general vividness of the orchestral colouring throughout, cannot be gainsaid. In two words, the work is one which will be ranked amongst the most worthy in the treasure-house of art, and its performance in London one of the priceless memories of English artists and art-lovers.

REVIEWS.

A KEY TO "PARSIFAL."

We have received a translation by Mr. Wm. Ashton Ellis of Hans von Wolzogen's "Key to Parsifal." The work is so favourably known, by name at least, that it is hardly necessary to commend Mr. Ellis's translation otherwise than as a translation. As such, it appears to have been done faithfully and well, and will therefore be welcomed heartily by all those to whom the book, in its original form, has been inaccessible. We cannot do better than quote one or two extracts which will at once give an adequate idea of Mr. Ellis's skill as a translator, and of the importance to all lovers of Wagner of the work itself.

An explanation of the inner meaning of each character and incident, with a special indication of these as transformed by Wagner, is given as an introduction to the body of the work. In the course of this Herr Wolzogen expounds "the purpose of his Leitfaden," from which we take the following:—

"To discover in what way the artist employs and develops his themes, according to their melody, harmony, and rhythm, how, in novel style, he works them out and elaborates them to longer symphonic pieces, or to shorter ornamental figures—this is a task highly interesting to the musician, even apart from any reference to the drama itself. But I have not written my essays for professional musicians, whom I must leave to deal, according to their own fixed canons, with the dramatic phrases of Wagner, from their own special standpoint, and for those who interest themselves in such studies. I can tell them nothing which they would not know better than myself, and it would not assist the 'laity' were I to deal with such matters; for the latter class is in a like position with myself—it is not musical by profession. It is for it, however, that I write these 'Leitfaden,' to give it a few hints of the idea of the style of organisation of Wagner's art work in its totality, of the unity of the musical and poetic essence of his works in its twofold form—namely, in such poetic and musical 'motives.' I have been told that many people have thanked a prior acquaintance with my essays for a more thorough enjoyment of these works of art when represented; but I cannot advance the smallest claim to either calling forth or rendering possible this enjoyment itself. Music works directly on the feelings; no act of reflection can in any way replace this receptive element. Yet the path to feeling is less often unencumbered than people assume. Thus it may well happen that a too great want of acquaintance with the poem to which the music gives expression, a prejudice adopted from the opinions of

others, or a narrowing of the musical sense to the definite forms of old-established custom, should hinder and restrain the influence of the music. Against such preconceived ideas my expositions may be of some help to earnest readers."

After this there follows a detailed analysis, in which the musical and dramatic structure of the work is followed page by page, and all the leading themes and their modifications are given in music type.

Of the material drawn upon by Wagner for his music-dramas, the following is said:—

"The 'stuffs' (*stoffe*), to denote them thus briefly once for all, from which Wagner has drawn, are much older than the confused and fragmentary remains of the Skaldic rendering of the ancient beliefs and traditional Sagas of the Northern peoples that have descended to us; to say nothing of their epical remodelling by the chivalric and burgher schools of singers of the 13th century in Germany. Their characteristic traits passed over to us as early as the great Aryan emigrations from Asia; and, since then, in ever new development and welding of one with the other, they have become the well-earned possession of the Germanic, and especially of the German, people. For, whereas the *Eddas*, in their treatment of the *Siegfried-sagas* are demonstrably based on importations from Germany; on the other hand, the Celtic-French renderings of Sagas such as those of *Tristan* and of *Parsifal* attained only in their German form the complete ethical unfolding of the universal human truths lying hid in them, and thus became our national property. But originally the whole "stuff" of the Sagas inherited by the races of Western Europe was essentially a *Germanic-Aryan* possession; and every German poet who approached it as an archetype of poetic imagination belonging to the spirit of our nation, sought only to restore anew to us its intimate possession. When success crowned his efforts, it was not only by a new moulding of the form of the old material, but also by a new expansion and interpretation of its spiritual and ethical contents. Yet both depended on the special tendencies of the *new* poet, on the special fashion of his branch and form of art; and these again were governed by the *epoch* in which he composed. The mediæval singer created only mediæval epic poems; and no later generation could have permitted itself to entertain the idea of merely modifying these finished works of art, and presenting the result as the expression of the spirit of a later epoch. Therefore it were folly to imagine that, by merely taking the material appropriated in these epic poems and running it into a dramatic mould, one had done sufficient to satisfy the needs of modern times, and had created a *Tristan* or a *Nibelungen-drama* fit to set before the public of to-day. This public would be justified in showing no sympathy with such a literary patchwork.

"Not in the outer change of the form, nor in the simple process of expressing the contents in the best modern poetical language, was a new enhancement of the old material to be gained. In fact it must be *new-conquered* day by day; and such a victory is it that Wagner won when he submitted the old material to a poetical new-birth, and thus fitted it for the form of the new music-drama and for the sympathies of a generation inspired with the spirit of this branch of art. The universal-human foundations of this oft-remodelled world of Sagas, were by him, as by every true poet, to be first cleared of all arbitrary superstructures. Afterwards he was to form and build up in a manner fitting, first to the national bent of mind, to the manner of thought, and to the conception of the universe, which had meanwhile developed on their own lines—secondly to the very form of art which, born of this national spirit, was adapted to clothe it with a true and characteristic expression."

Mr. Ellis has adopted the excellent plan of printing important phrases and words, such as the names of the various *motives*, in large type, which enables the eye at once to grasp the salient features of the work. We shall, *à propos* of the same question of *motif*-hunting, quote finally the concluding passage of the translator's preface:—

"This *motif*-hunting, however, I would strongly deprecate in any who visit Bayreuth for the first time, as it is too apt to destroy the effect of the appeal of the music to the heart, by substituting head-knowledge for heart-enjoyment. But, after one or two visits, the head also claims its share in the appreciation, and only by appeasing its demands can the heart regain its sway; while the knowledge of the *reason* of the employment of this or that *motif* passes over at last into that half-conscious realm where analysis exists only in its stored result, and understanding merges into intuition. The ear is then no longer troubled by the keen attempt to recognise every *motif* as it wells forth from the music; but each phrase seems to whisper

in half-hushed voice its meaning, in unison with the æsthetic pleasure of the sound."

We have received a copy of the sixth annual issue of Mr. G. H. Wilson's "Musical Year Book of the United States." This excellent little work contains in a concise form a record of all the musical performances of any importance which have taken place in the States during the season of 1888-9, arranged in the alphabetical order of the names of the towns. It is to be feared that not many persons in this country are interested in the musical doings of America, but to those who are, Mr. Wilson's hand book may be recommended with the utmost confidence. There seems, at any rate, to be plenty of musical activity in the States—indeed, we doubt if a similar volume for England would make so good a show; and though, with the exception of Mr. Dudley Buck's "Light of Asia," nothing of American origin has been produced here this year, there is evidence that some American composers, such as Messrs. G. Chadwick, Arthur Bird, and Templeton Strong, are favourably known in Germany.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

The members of the Salon were At Home for the last time this season on Tuesday evening, when the galleries in Piccadilly were crowded with an unusually large number of members and their guests, who were apparently not distressed at the approaching death of the season. Perhaps to celebrate this the music was more than usually interesting. Miss Marguerite Hall sang two songs by Ethel Harraden very charmingly; Miss Marian Mackenzie and Mrs. H. T. Trust—there is probably no more finished amateur singer in London than this latter lady—sang duets and solos in their best styles; Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. Avon Saxon, and Mr. Charles Copland also contributed songs with excellent effect. Miss Maud Webster recited, and Mr. Herbert Harraden gave one of his funny sketches.

The party given on Sunday by Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury was as smart and successful as any party graced by the presence of the Princess of Wales must necessarily be. The principal music was supplied by the Messrs. Marianne and Clara Eissler, who gave various solos on the violin and harp very charmingly, to the great pleasure of the guests, and especially of the Princess, who afterwards expressed her gratification to the young ladies in very amiable terms.

At Mrs. Arthur Wilson's "At Home" on Wednesday last at 13, Grosvenor-crescent, Mrs. Alice Shaw, *la belle siffleuse*, whistled in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge.

The Spanish Estudiantina performed, in their well-known manner, at the Baroness de Reuter's party at 18, Kensington Palace Gardens, on Wednesday.

CONCERTS.

* * * Concert-givers are requested to notice that, owing to the heavy demands made during the season on the staff, no concerts can be noticed unless tickets are sent to the office of the MUSICAL WORLD (396, Strand) at least four days in advance of the advertised date.

MADAME BACKER GRONDAHL'S RECITAL.

On Saturday last this admirable pianist gave a recital at Princes' Hall, when an opportunity was afforded her of setting her powers more completely before the English public than has yet been given. Beethoven was not included in the scheme, but this was hardly necessary, for her rendering at a recent Philharmonic concert of the "Emperor" concerto is not readily to be forgotten. The programme commenced with Grieg's sonata for violin and pianoforte in C minor, in which she was joined by M. Johannes Wolf, who appeared to more than ordinary advantage. The interpretation was so nearly perfect that it was hard to believe that Herr Grieg himself was not before us. Next came a group of pieces by

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Schumann, with whom the pianist is evidently less at home. It was doubtless interesting to observe the transformation undergone by his music when interpreted with a mixture of Scandinavian dreamy grace and wistfulness; but it was not the Schumann with whom the composer's wife has made us so familiar. The *Nachtstücke* were certainly charming, but the genial warmth and homely rather than romantic expression which characterize so many of Schumann's melodies were absent: for these qualities were substituted a rather intense and sentimental style. With Chopin the performer was more successful, the nocturne in F major and the fantasia in F minor being given with consummate poetic charm. Mme. Gröndahl also introduced a suite from her own pen, of which the various numbers are characterised by much originality, grace, and skill, the gavotte, menuet, and scherzo being especially noteworthy. Miss Louise Phillips also sang several songs from the same composer, to which criticism almost identical may be applied, though special mention should be made of a setting of Shelley's poem, "Shall we roam, my love," which is a wonderfully graceful song. They were interpreted by Miss Phillips with much refinement. Mr. Wolff, besides playing in the sonata, gave several solos in his most brilliant style, accompanied by Mr. W. Ganz.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Brahms' first Sextet and Schumann's Quintet were among the most important items of the exceptionally interesting programme provided at the last chamber-concert of the season on the 11th inst. The performance of the Sextet by Messrs. Blagrove, Stephenson, Werge, and Miss Maud Fletcher was, considering its formidable difficulties, highly creditable, and in the case of the first two movements, wholly excellent. The Scherzo was taken much too slowly—it would indeed be wonderful had it been otherwise—and the final Rondo was somewhat lacking in smoothness and precision. Schumann's Sonata for piano and violin in A minor, though one of the master's latest works, scarcely yields in interest and beauty to his earlier compositions, but its intensely subjective mood make an adequate interpretation peculiarly difficult. Mr. Fletcher's technical merits—tone, phrasing, intonation, &c.—are of a high, if not yet the highest order, but his complete grasp of the inner meaning of this most characteristic work shows that the clever student has already merged into the artist. Mr. George England gave a careful rendering of Ambroise Thomas's beautiful *Song d'une nuit d'été*, but he failed to realise the passion of the song, and his pronunciation of the words was very indifferent. Miss Webster showed promise in Cobb's "Spanish Lament," Miss Fowle and Miss Elieson played a duet for organ and violin by Rheinberger, and the concert concluded with a brilliant performance of Schumann's Quintet by Miss Amy Grimson, Messrs. E. Hopkinson, E. V. Elsner, A. C. Hobday, and Miss Maud Fletcher.

SENORITA CERVANTES' CONCERT.

By the kind permission of Mrs. Mackay a morning concert was held on Thursday, July 11th, at 7, Buckingham-gate, which was fashionably attended, and proved very enjoyable. Senorita Cervantes, besides being an artistic and finished performer on her instrument, the harp, is also the composer and able arranger of some of the pieces she plays. Songs were sung by Mr. Vladimirof Neboutschenof, who, to a full and resonant voice, adds much expressional power; also by Signor Pasini, the possessor of a strong vocal organ, who gave Denza's "Luna Fidel" and Gounod's "Ave Maria," the latter accompanied by Senorita Cervantes on the harp, and Mr. Lutgen on the violoncello; but the famous prayer, though well sung, is quite unsuited to a male voice a soprano. M. P. Berton gave some clever recitations in French, which were much applauded; nevertheless, that gentleman would have been more effective had his emphatic phrases been less loud and hurried. Mr. Berton is also the writer of an amusing piece called "The Kiss," archly declaimed by Miss Alice Adlercron. In the first part of the programme Senorita Cervantes greatly delighted her hearers by the exquisite fluency and softness of her embellishments and arpeggios in the operatic arrangements, but many were anxious to hear her rendering of the "Adagio" of Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, which was announced, but, owing presumably to the lateness of the hour, was not performed.

SIGNOR DE PICCOLELLI'S CONCERTS.

On Monday, at Steinway Hall, a very interesting concert was held, Signor de Piccoelli giving proof of much talent on his difficult instrument the violoncello, his tone being full, style broad, and expression adequate. One great attraction of the afternoon was the announcement that Signor Tosti would sing. The popular composer's voice, though musical and firm, is not otherwise remarkable; but his style of singing is very artistic. In song-writing as in many other things "the old order changeth;" many vocal works have recently been published which for proper rendering require as much of the reciter's as the singer's art. In such so-called songs Signor Tosti is singularly fortunate; he half sings, half speaks them; but, however rapid his utterance, or however soft and low the pitch in certain passages may be, his words are always distinct, while his manner is quite free from affectation. Sigr. Papini, in excellent form, played several violin pieces with his usual taste. Rubinstein's Trio, Op. 52, headed the programme, and was finely performed by Signori de Piccoelli, Papini, and Albanesi; the latter artist, who has a delicious touch, also played pianoforte pieces by Grieg, Schumann, and Rubinstein; and a pretty serenade of his own, with great delicacy and poetic feeling. The hall was very full, and the audience equally pleased.

MRS. DYKE'S CONCERT.

Mrs. Dyke, a sister of the well-known baritone, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, gave a very successful concert on Thursday of last week. It is surprising that Mrs. Dyke should be heard so seldom in London, for she is an artist of distinctly high order, as was proved by the dramatic intensity and finish with which she sang Gounod's "Worker," and a very graceful new "Spring Song" by Miss Allitsen. Madame Agnese Thorndike, another sister, sang with scarcely less effect, and Miss Rosa Leo gave Goring Thomas's "In the Spring Time," and Florian Pascal's "Sooner or Later" with great charm of style. Mr. Herbert Thorndike's excellent art made Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence" almost interesting, and Mr. Joseph Tapley was heard to great advantage in songs by Adams and Thomas. Mr. Leo Stern and Mr. H. R. A. Robinson were the instrumentalists, playing solos on the 'cello and pianoforte respectively.

MDLLE. DE HOERSCHELMANN.

Mdlle. de Hoerschmann, the clever Russian lady whose lectures on art have already been mentioned in these columns, gave on Wednesday last at 14, Bolton-gardens West, a musical and dramatic *soirée*, towards which she herself contributed recitals in four languages. The principal items were scenes from Grillparzer's "Sappho" and Racine's "Athalie," and the third canto of the "Divina Commedia" of Dante. In all of these she exhibited much dramatic power and feeling, and responded admirably to the heavy demands made upon her by pieces so exacting. The music was supplied chiefly by Mme. de Llana and M. Seiffert, of whom the former struggling valiantly with a very obdurate pianoforte, gave excellent readings of pieces by Chopin, while M. Seiffert played on the violin César Thomson's "Berceuse Scandinave," a mazurka by Wieniawski, and a pretty serenade from his own pen with great effect. Miss Nellie Levey sung songs by Tosti and Vasseur very charmingly, accompanying herself on the guitar, and Mr. Charles Carlyle also sang.

STEINWAY HALL.

On Friday last Mr. Harry Williams gave a very successful, if not very classical, concert. But on a stormy and suffocatingly hot July afternoon even the most intellectual musician could scarcely feel equal to following the ramifications of any harmonies more intricate than those of alternating tonic and dominant. The lazy lilt of Signor Cristofaro's "Barcarolle" on the twanging mandoline, the sleepy pianissimo strains of Denza's "Dormiveglia," effectively sung by Signor Carpi, and the indolent charm of such songs as "Dreams" and "Biondina," expressively sung by Mr. Harry Williams, were, under the circumstances, peculiarly appropriate. Mr. Williams's style is refined, and his voice musical and pleasing, barring an occasional *vibrato*. Miss Blamy and Mdlle. Dufour were both very successful in their solos, also in a pretty duet of Denza's, entitled "Nocturne," and "Down the Stream," sung

by Mdlle. Dufour and Mr. Williams. The only other vocalist was Mdlle. Carritte, who sung Gounod's "Valse" in "Romeo and Juliette," and joined the concert giver in an Italian duet, "Una notte a Venezia." Mdlle. Carritte's voice is a clear, light soprano, which she uses cleverly, but she may be recommended to enunciate her words more distinctly. Miss Anna Lang was announced for two violin solos. The lady, for whom no apology was made, failed however to appear. Signor Denza and Signor Bisaccia accompanied the songs; the last named gentleman also played a Mazurka very brightly. The afternoon's proceedings were further enlivened by encores of a humorous description, and ended with the popular "Funiculi, Funiculà."

CENTRAL LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.

A concert in aid of this deserving institution was given in the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when, in spite of the depressing influence exerted by the weather, a capital programme was well executed. Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Eugene Kemble, and Miss Jeanie Rose were the lady singers, and their names are sufficient warrant for believing that their contributions were excellent; while Mr. Daniel Price sang with great spirit and effect songs by Marzials and Hope Temple, and the Misses Marianne and Clara Eissler played violin and harp solos with their usual grace and charm. Mr. Wilson and Signor Pasini also sang, and Miss Violet Warrington recited Tennyson's "Rizpah."

SCHOOL BOARD DRILL.

The second annual competition in drill and vocal music, in connection with the London School Board, took place at the Albert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when the excellent results of the system pursued were conspicuously shown. The various performances of the different companies of children, each under its own teacher, were gone through with great precision. A singing competition followed, which included sight-reading, and the singing of a specially prepared anthem, which was in its turn followed by some very pretty evolutions by seven companies of girls. Various votes of thanks, including one to the Duke of Cambridge for his presence, concluded the proceedings.

PROVINCIAL.

FOLKESTONE, JULY 10.—A very interesting concert was given here last week by Miss Synge, a daughter of the late Sir Edward Synge, Bart., who for the last six months has given instruction to a number of pupils. How successful are her methods was amply proved on the occasion referred to, when Roger's Cantata, "In the Hayfields," was performed. Miss Synge conducted, and the various choral and solo numbers were given by her pupils with great effect. A miscellaneous second part followed, in the course of which Miss Synge contributed some pianoforte solos in highly artistic style, while various songs and instrumental performances attested still further to the excellence of her powers as a teacher.

LEEDS, JULY 15.—The Borough organist gave the last but one of the half-yearly organ recitals at the Town Hall on Saturday evening. The programme included the March from Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord," Eugene Wagner's "Resignation," and the Larghetto from Beethoven's Symphony in D. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

An interesting ceremony took place on Saturday afternoon in connection with the Leeds Conservatoire of Music, when the rewards for extra proficiency attained during the past year by students were distributed by Alderman Sir Edwin Gaunt. During the afternoon a well-chosen programme was gone through in a manner which was the best testimony to

Modern photography, with all its latter-day improvements, is so beautiful and useful an art that any effort to extend its sphere of utility should certainly receive encouragement from all classes. Amateur photography has long been regarded as a failure, chiefly owing to the complication of the apparatus heretofore employed and the want of a proper school or studio where the principles of the photographic art could be readily acquired. The London Stereoscopic Company, however, have obviated these difficulties by having opened, at 108 and 110, Regent-street, W., a studio exclusively for the use of amateur pupils, who, on purchasing a set of specially-designed apparatus, will be taught perfectly free of charge. It has also been sensibly arranged for all lessons to be given in private, a system which insures more rapid proficiency than class-teaching; while the instruction will be imparted by persons of the highest experience, thus enabling pupils, both ladies and gentlemen, after a few lessons and the comparatively small outlay involved by the purchase of the apparatus, to faithfully reproduce the many animate and inanimate objects which, either on their rambles or travels, may have created impressions of interest. The London Stereoscopic Company will, doubtless, obtain a well-merited success for the laudable endeavour to extend to the home circle the refining influence of a most pleasing art.—[ADVT.]

the excellence of the instruction given by Herr Christensen and his staff. Sir Edwin, in distributing the prizes, gave some account of the history of the institution, stating that though it had only been opened in October, 1886, with 25 students, no less than 310 had since passed through its curriculum.

PENZANCE AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—At the Penzance centre of the Royal Academy of Music, of which Mr. J. H. Nunn is the local representative, twenty-nine candidates were examined by Mr. W. H. Cummings, with the following result:—

SENIOR DIVISION.—Honours: Florence Bodilly, Mrs. John H. Nunn, singing; Harry Vivian Pearce, Mr. John H. Nunn, organ; Harry Vivian Pearce, Mr. John H. Nunn, violin. Passed: Kate Reynolds Bawden, West Cornwall College, Mr. Richard White, jun., pianoforte; Jabez Henry Bunt, Mr. Richard White, jun., organ; Florence Clyma, Mr. John H. Nunn, violin; Emily Hocken Eddy, Mr. John H. Nunn, harmony; Emily Hocken Eddy, Mr. John H. Nunn, pianoforte; Adelaide Frances Dacres Evans, Mrs. John H. Nunn, pianoforte; Laura Joll, Redbrook School, Mr. Richard White, jun., singing; Frank Lethbridge, Kingsford, Mr. John H. Nunn, harmony; Isabel Phillips, Mr. John H. Nunn, elements of music; Emily Kate Rodda, Mr. John H. Nunn, pianoforte; Blanche Sanguin, Mr. John H. Nunn, singing; Mary Christine Vivian, Mr. John H. Nunn, violin; Maud Mary Whitburn, Mr. John H. Nunn, singing; Amelia Mary Workman, Mr. John H. Nunn, pianoforte.

JUNIOR DIVISION.—Honours: Isabel Phillips, 15, Mr. John H. Nunn, pianoforte. Passed: Emily Dora Earthy, 14, Truro, Miss Maud M. Whitburn, pianoforte; Catherine Faull, 15, Miss Tonking, pianoforte; Margaret Willson Martin, 13, West Cornwall College, Mr. Richard White, jun., pianoforte; Mabel Olver, 15, West Cornwall College, Mr. Richard White, jun., pianoforte; Annie Rowe, 15, Redbrook School, Mr. Richard White, jun., pianoforte; Ellen Gertrude Trezise, 14, Mr. John H. Nunn, pianoforte.

LLANDUDNO.—Riviere the indefatigable is again at Llandudno, for which fair place he a year or two ago deserted his older love, Blackpool. He has a capital band, which of course contains all the accessories needful to tickle the ears of a promenade audience. But, in addition to what is sensational, the popular conductor manages to give his hearers at least a taste of that which is thoroughly sound, and a Beethoven night has been boldly advertised, and further, well patronised. On the other hand, M. Riviere has used up the local musical forces, and brought into junction with his regular orchestral band that of an adjacent town with an unpronounceable Welsh name. The effect of this double orchestra was on Saturday really extremely creditable, and Riviere himself, together with his Cymric allies, as well as the Aborigines and visitors of Llandudno, had generally a good time of it.

BRISTOL.—The concert season in Bristol is practically at an end, but there are interesting events in connection with music just now taking place. The local examinations of the Royal Academy of Music were recently held, and the results are daily looked forward to. What the results are cannot be known by the general public until the list of passes appears in the public prints; but we can state on authority that the number of candidates who presented themselves for examination was larger than in previous years, and that the percentage of passes is high. Few, however, have secured honours because the test has been raised, but the general results are highly satisfactory.

Last week the local examinations in connection with the National Society of Professional Musicians were conducted by Dr. G. Marsden and Mr. S. Myercough, Mus. Bac., both of Manchester. The number of candidates has more than doubled itself, and although the results are not known, it is believed that they were up to, if not beyond, the average.

Last week we gave the list of works to be shortly taken in hand by the Bristol Choral Society, now in course of formation. A very concise and practical code of rules has been adopted, and on Tuesday evening, July 16, the general committee were called together at the Museum for the purpose of electing members of the executive committee. The Rev. T. E. Brown, president of the society, filled the chair. A rule provides that the executive committee shall consist of six honorary members, elected by the honorary members, two honorary members nominated at the close of each session by the singing members, and for *ex officio* members, viz., the president, either of the (two) hon. secretaries, the hon. treasurer, and the conductor. The meeting proceeded to elect eight members to form an executive committee, those chosen being Mrs. W. H. Miles, Miss Swayne, Miss Woolham, Mr. V. Stroud, Mr. M. Crawford, Mr. C. Miller, Mr. R. Randall, and Dr. Shekleton. These ladies and gentlemen were nominated

by Dr. Swayne, and seconded by Mr. A. D. Greene, and they met with unanimous acceptance. The president mentioned that the movement was widely spreading in the very direction the promoters wished, which fact augured well for its future. By request, Mr. George Riseley, the conductor, named the works chosen for rehearsal, and added that by selecting familiar compositions as well as some new to Bristol both the public and the choir would be interested. It was resolved that the executive committee meet early in September to make final arrangements for the assembly of the singing members of the society, which is fixed for the first Tuesday in October. There have already joined the society 350 hon. members and 240 singing members, but it is expected the latter will be doubled when all the returns are in. The majority of the active members are paying a guinea, thus securing the privileges attaching to those who subscribe that sum.

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